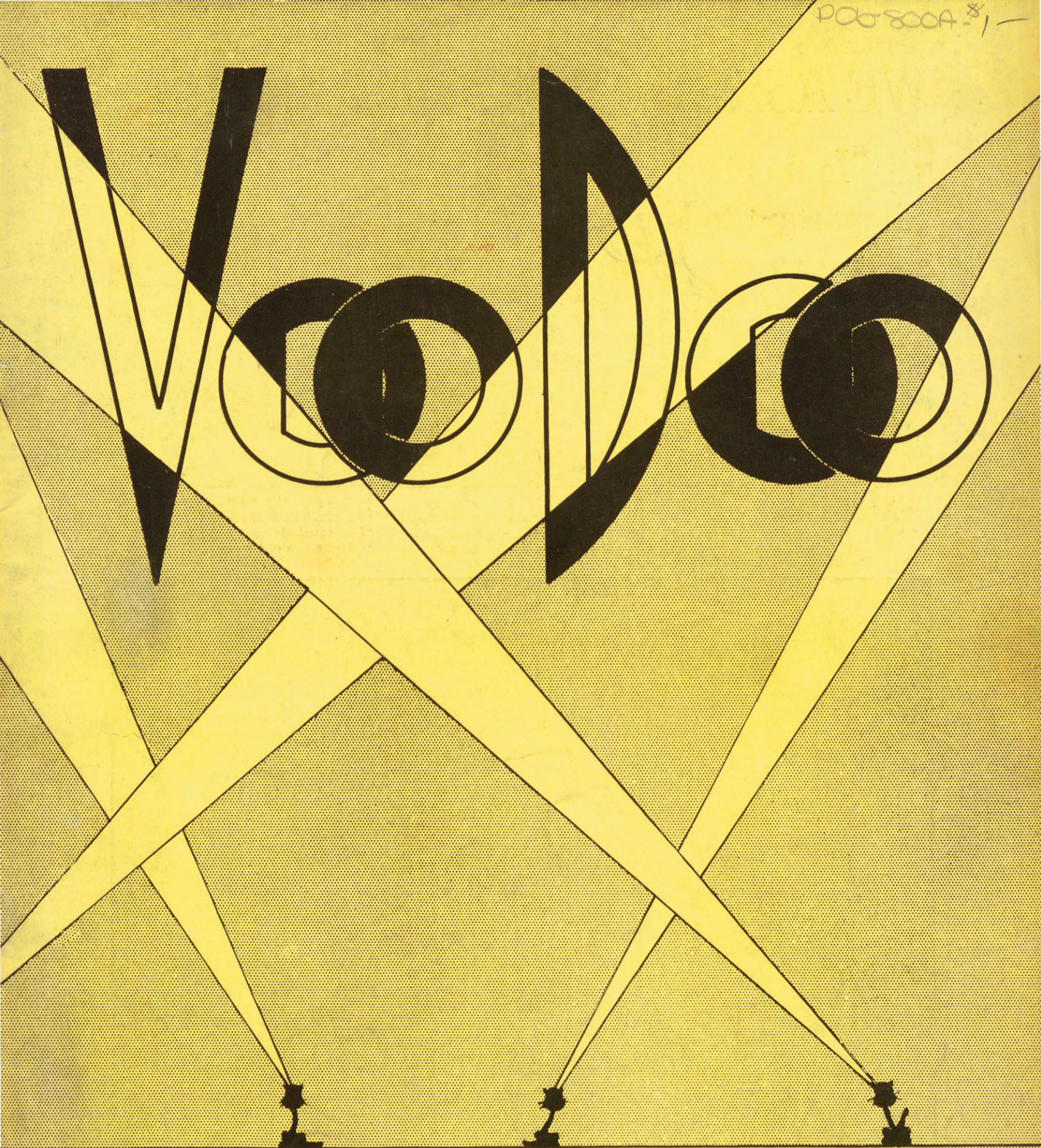


POB 800A \$1-



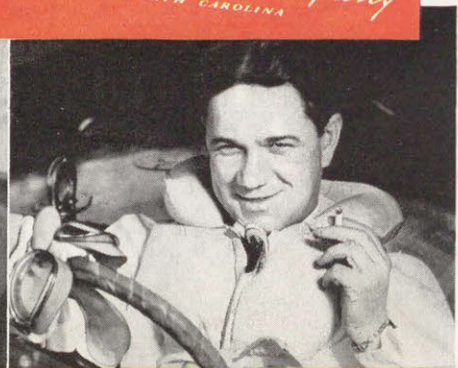
SPOTLIGHT NUMBER

-Duke Ellington - '30.

WE ASKED OUTDOOR PEOPLE:

"Is this fact
important to You?"—

*"Camels are made from finer,
more expensive tobaccos... Turkish and
Domestic... than any other popular brand."*
(SIGNED) *R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company*
WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA



VALUE!

"Camels are manufactured from costlier tobaccos," says Charley Belden, Wyoming rancher. "No wonder they have such a rich, cool flavor!"

MILDNESS!

"I smoke Camels because they are mild—pleasing to my throat," says Miss Helene Bradshaw, an enthusiastic horsewoman.

HEALTHY NERVES!

"I have smoked Camels for fourteen years, without a sign of upset nerves," says Bill Horn, former Gold Cup winner.



FLAVOR!

"It's been thrilling to have a part in the vast enterprise of building Boulder Dam," says Erwin Jones, Boulder Dam engineer. "Plenty of strain, too. When I get tired, there's nothing like a Camel. Man, what a swell taste Camels have! Mild, cool, and mellow! You can tell they are made from choice tobaccos, because they don't get 'flat' or tiresome in taste when you smoke a lot."



© 1935
R. J. Reynolds
Tob. Co.

VOO DOO

APRIL, 1935

Phos turns the spotlight on—

Current Anecdotes

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The Faculty Flash

Playboy of the Culture-Pushers 8

Burlesque

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Aren't You Sure? 14

Boston Night Life

Phos Steps Out 16

Undergraduate Gossip

The Microscope 18

Current Books

Over the Critic's Shoulder 20

Popular Music

Hummin' to Myself 22



Voo Doo

THE M. I. T. COMIC MONTHLY

Published by the Woop Garoo Society for the Students of
the Massachusetts Institute of Technology
Office: 303-304 Walker Memorial
Cambridge, Mass.

Published monthly from October to May
Subscription \$1.00 per year
Office hours: 2 to 5.30 P. M., Monday to Friday
Member A. C. C. E.

Entered as second-class matter at the
Post Office at Cambridge, Mass.

VOL. XVIII

APRIL, 1935

NO. 3

Copyright, 1935, by the Woop Garoo Society

CAL CAMPUS

defines "BELOW and AFT"



Below the missus—aft-er the blonde!

WHILE SAILING AMERICAN TO EUROPE



CAL'S nautical definitions appear rather silly. But we must hand him an orchid for the super-intelligence he displayed when selecting a ship to Europe. Maybe he just followed in the trail that smart American travelers everywhere have been blazing to our piers. At any rate, he chose the *Washington*—and he's mighty glad!

The new *Washington*, you know, and her famous twin, *Manhattan*, are America's sensations of the sea! World's fastest cabin liners, they offer wonderful value with their astonishingly large cabins—all with *real beds*, air-conditioned dining salons (*exclusive* in the service), indoor tiled swimming pools, spacious decks and many other features. And the costs are so small! Cabin Class \$167 one way; \$309 round trip. Tourist Class \$113 one way; \$204 round trip. If you prefer informality and quiet comfort—choose the popular *Pres. Harding* or *Pres. Roosevelt*. In Cabin Class you enjoy the very finest the ship offers—and that's plenty! The fares? Only \$126 one way; \$234 round trip.

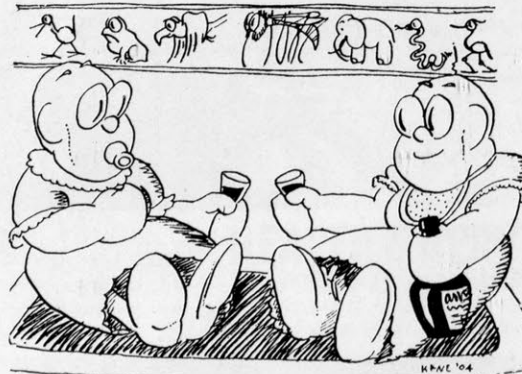
Weekly sailings to Cobb, Plymouth, Havre and Hamburg. Apply to your travel agent. His services are free.



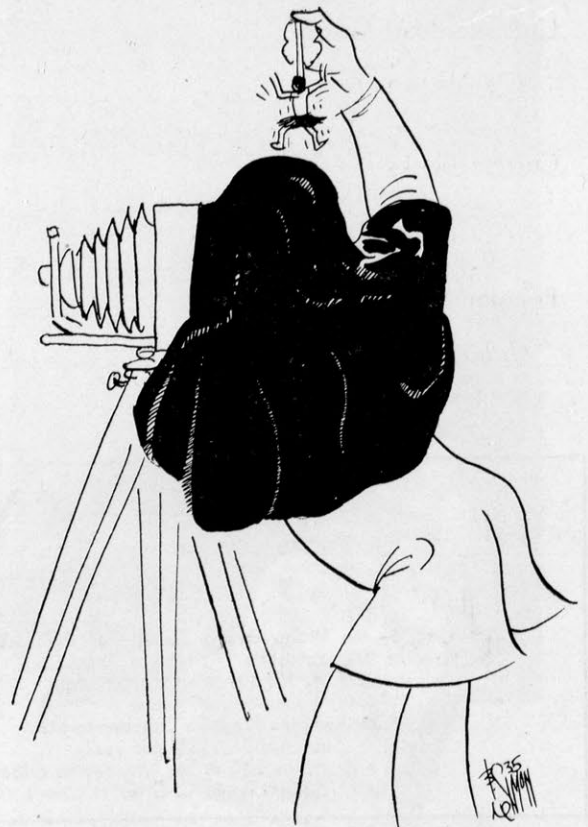
UNITED STATES LINES

Associated with American Merchant and Baltimore Mail Lines to Europe; Panama Pacific Line to California; U. S. Lines and Panama Pacific Cruises, 563 Boylston St., Boston

PHOS PRESENTS SOME OLD FRIENDS



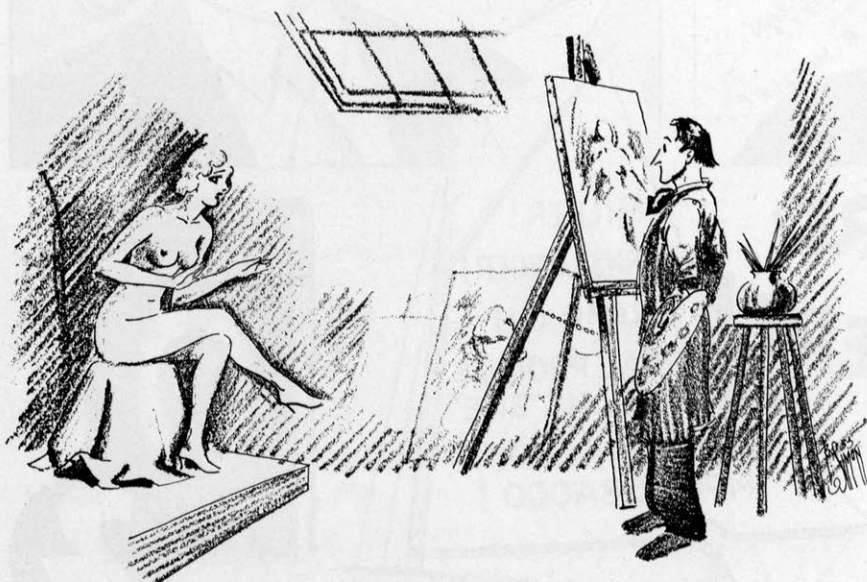
"Just one more for old time's sake"



"Watch the birdie."



"Last tag."



"Oh, I *couldn't* go to the follies with you - - those shows embarrass me so."

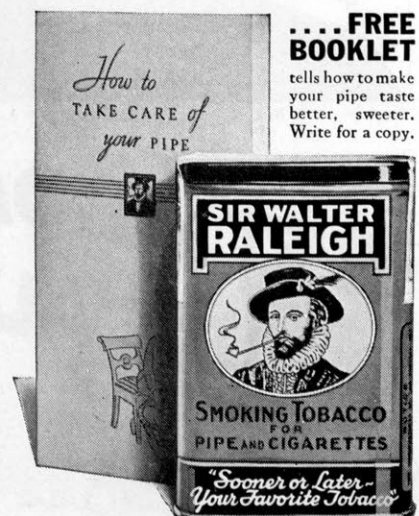
"LET 'IM DROP,
BOYS, IT'S A
FALSE ALARM!"



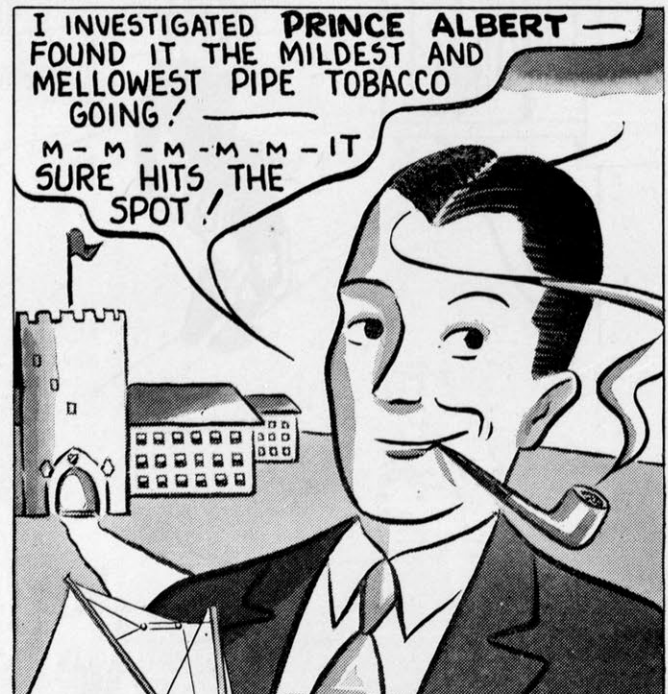
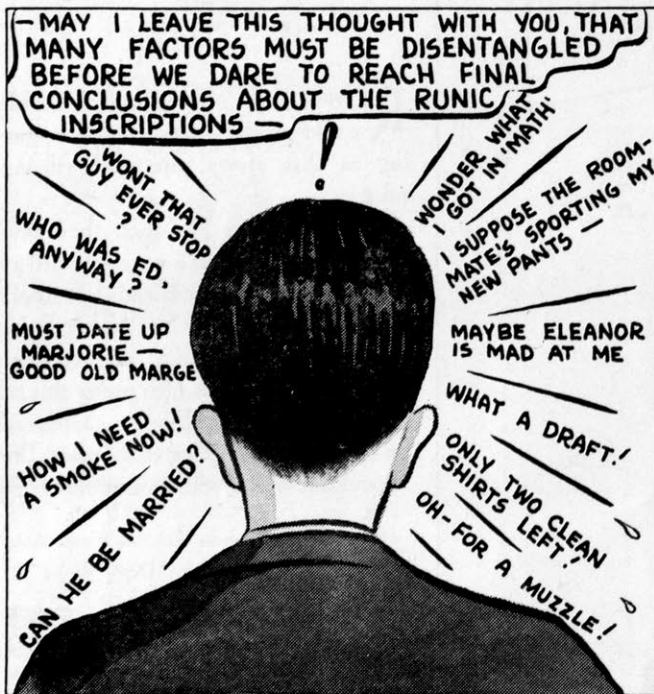
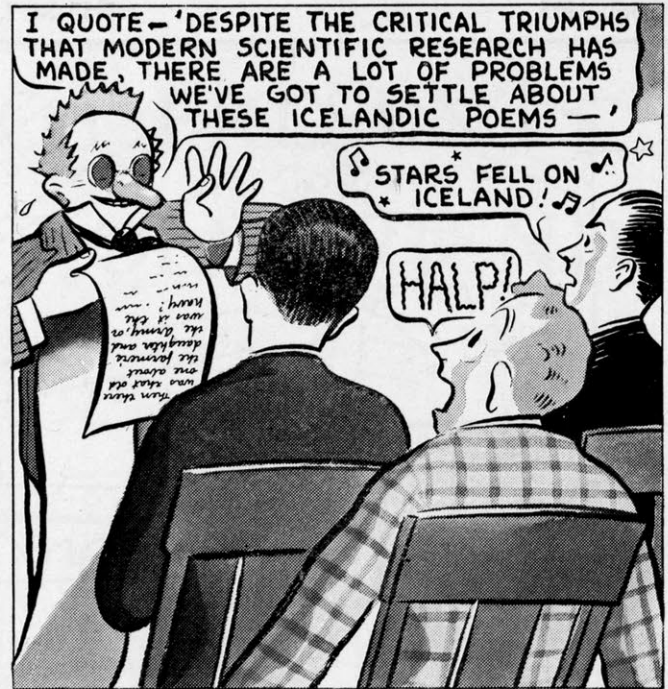
RIGHT, men. No innocent little blaze could produce fumes as overpowering as that stewy pipe and villainous tobacco.

Some men are like that: they smoke too-strong tobacco in a never-cleaned pipe until they haven't a friend left. Fortunately, the number of Sir Walter Raleigh fans grows by the hour: men who keep their briars tidy; men who prefer this mild blend of Kentucky Burleys that is calm on the tongue, tempting to the nose. Try it —and Sir Walter will have another friend!

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. W-54



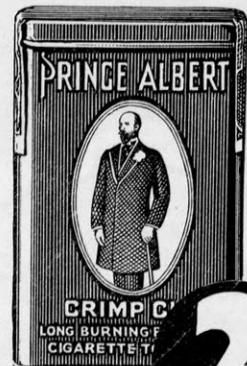
It's 15¢—AND IT'S Milder



Copyright, 1935, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

**GET ABOARD
PRINCE ALBERT!**

MILDER!
BURNS LONGER!
CRIMP CUT
SPECIAL PROCESS
REMOVES ALL "BITE"
AMERICA'S FAVORITE
PIPE TOBACCO!

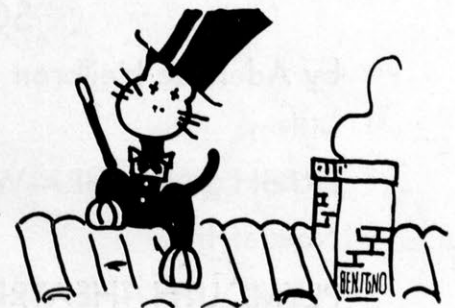


**2
OUNCES**



Voo Doo's

SPOTLIGHT NUMBER





TALLULAH BANKHEAD

in a new Comedy

"SOMETHING GAY"

by Adelaide Heilbron

with

HUGH SINCLAIR—WALTER PIDGEON

Now at the

PLYMOUTH THEATRE

VOO = DOINGS

SPRING

We know Spring is here. The signs of it are quite evident. There are less students in all the classes. There is more talking, more horse-play. On many faces there has appeared that blank look common to idiots, absent-minded professors, and college boys in love. Yes, the spirit of Spring has captured everyone but Phos, who must keep eternally busy. Ah, well, back to the grind. . . .

TWINS

All the way from Texas comes the story of the twin brothers who were so alike. It seems that the two young gentlemen went to a fraternity party and, just to make it interesting, decided to swap dates. Everything went fine, so they decided to see the exchanged girls home. Much, much later, they met at the door of their own fraternity house. Both brothers looked worn. Both were touseled. And both exclaimed in voices equally tremulous, "What in *hell* have you been telling that girl?"



BASEBALL

It was the first baseball game of the season and eleven thousand stalwart souls braved the dubious weather to see the Braves and the Red Sox do battle. Our hero, slightly under the weather, was in the grandstand, smoking a big cigar. Directly in front of him sat a young lady, wearing a light summer dress, with low neck, and was eating a hot dog. At a crucial point of the game the young man became so excited that he leaned far forward and allowed the cigar to drop from his mouth. At first the girl did not realize what had happened. Then she came to life. "Help!" she screamed, "I'm poisoned!" The young man tried to reassure her, and mumbled something about a cigar. Slowly she began to understand—or think she did. She took one horrified look at her half-eaten frankfurter, gave forth one last shriek, and fainted.



POCKETS

We recently had a new pair of pockets put in our pants. The old ones had been quite worn out by the hard usage of more years than we care to admit. Our last attempt at having the pockets replaced resulted in their being sewn up by the tailor, so that their volume was reduced by about one-half, and so that they soon developed new holes. But now we have new pockets, and it is with quite a thrill that we put our hands in them. We withdraw them with reluctance. Their smooth newness, their comfortable depth make them things of perfection.

Yet we regret the passing of our old pockets. Something has gone with them, old, worn, torn as they were. We used to derive a mental satisfaction out of putting our hands in our pockets. Memories of passed glories paraded across our mind. Every object that had been kept in those pockets had left its imprint, to be recalled, when we indulged in the pleasure of placing our hands in our pockets, in our memories. All that is now gone, departed with the old pockets. A purely physical pleasure has replaced a great mental pleasure. We think we should have had those pockets framed.



SCROLL INITIATES BULL AT INFORMAL DINNER

—*The Tech*, April 12.

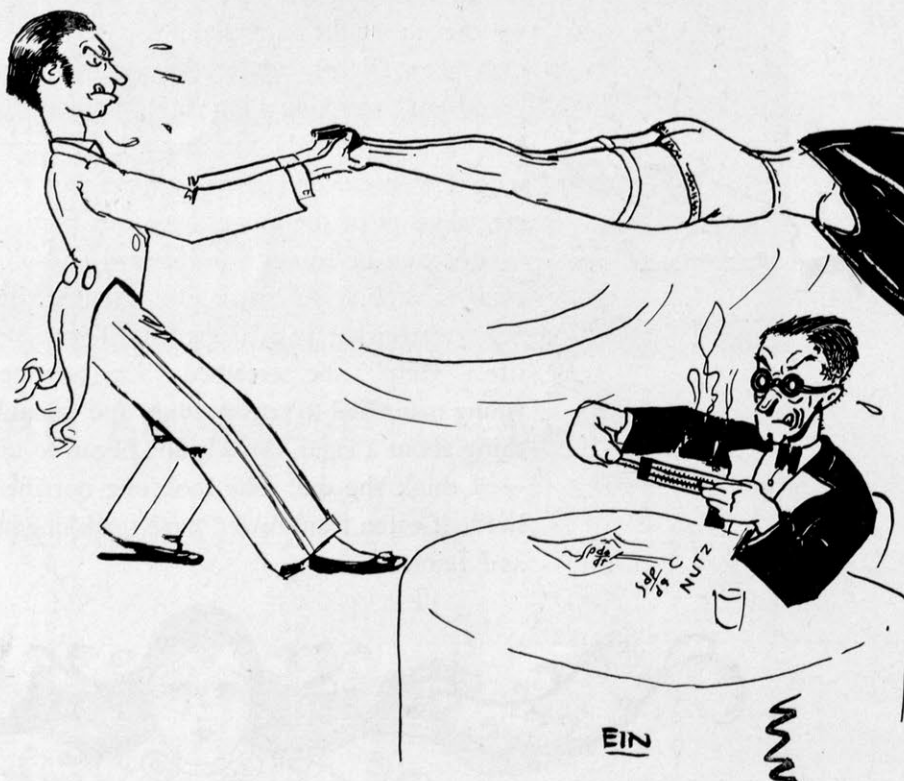
Moo-oo-oo!



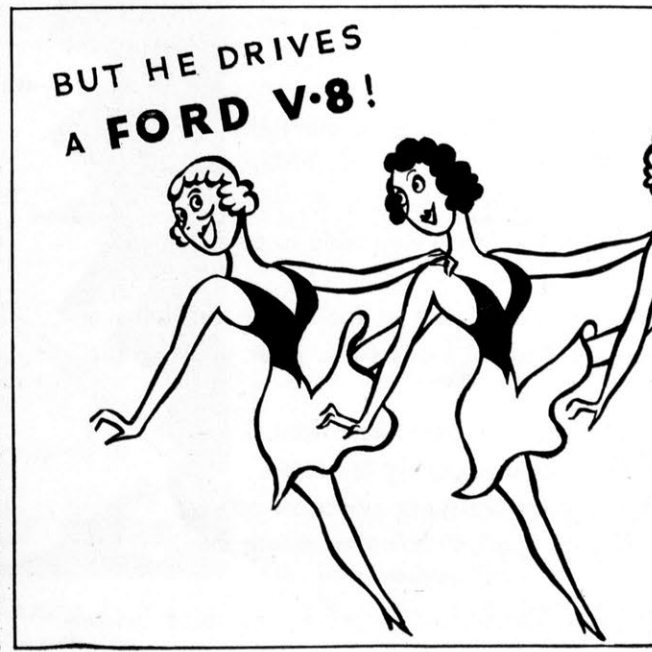
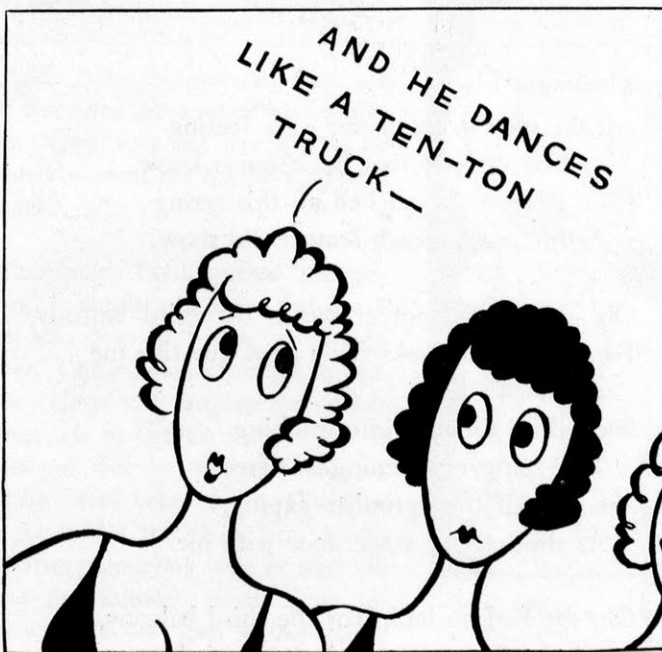
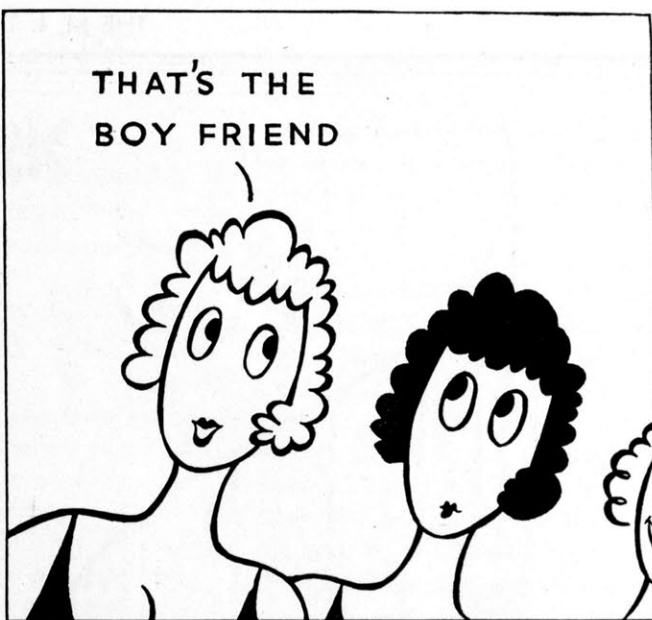
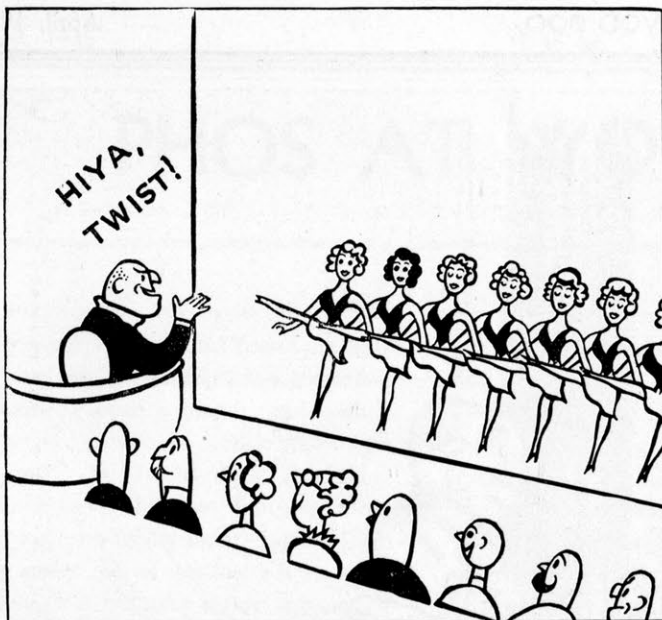
Of all the budding artists around this noble institution, I defy any one of them to fit a pair of scanties on a simple sine curve.

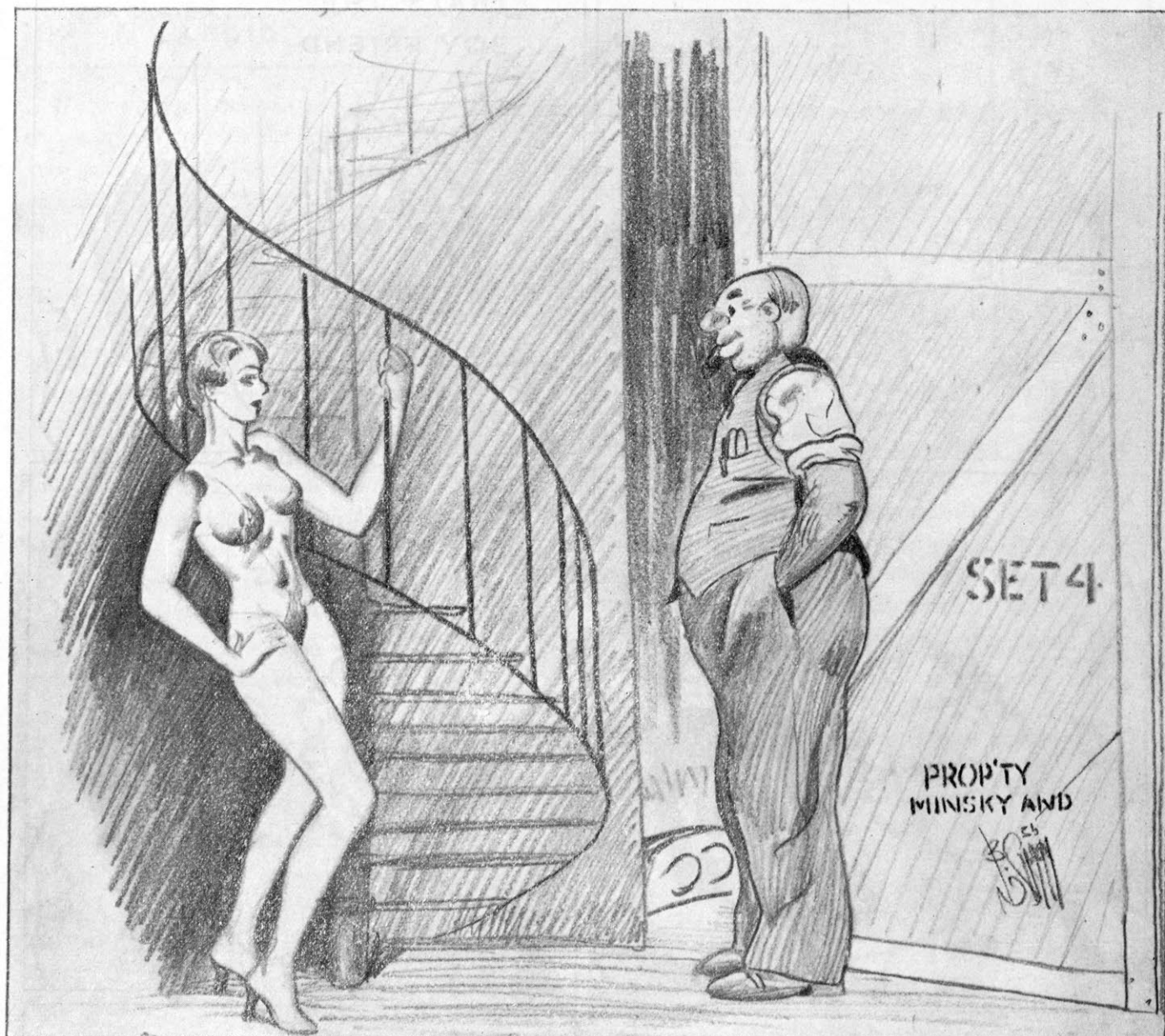
PLAYBOY OF THE CULTURE - PUSHERS

He is supremely aware of his exaggerated frontal development. He has an office with Van Gogh prints in one corner and whisky bottles in another. He is admired by many of his students and is famous for startling pupils with sensational frankness. He is thoroughly disliked by many of his associates, but a definite sycophantic tendency keeps him on good terms with the "higher-ups." He is a parlor pink in theory, but voted Republican in the last election. He is the head of many a movement for better things. And none realizes better than himself what a valuable influence he is.



"DARN these angular momentum problems!"





"Well, what are you looking at?"

She stood on the stage at midnight
 When the band was beginning to play.
 She smiled a sweet smile at the boxes,
 At the men who were able to pay.

Oh, she looked not at me in the third balcony,
 For she had no looks for a poor guy like me.

She began to undress like a siren,
 For that was exactly her trade.
 A stripping burlesque queen in action;
 'Neath it all a charming young maid.

Oh, she looked not at me in the third balcony,
 For she had no looks for a poor guy like me.

All the men in the boxes were leering
 In that manner that burlesquers know.
 How I jealously watched all this acting
 As the maiden each feature did show.

Oh, she looked not at me in the third balcony,
 For she had no looks for a poor guy like me.

She led all the men into thinking
 That her every evening was free.
 She left all the optimists gaping
 As she left the stage door with me.

Oh, she had no looks for the third balcony,
 But I didn't expect it—she's married to me!

PHOS AT WORK

I'm new to this game, and I was plenty surprised when I found out how it was done. Here we have a magazine, appearing once a month, and with a large and seemingly capable staff to get it out. You would think that there would never be any difficulty about getting enough material, aside from the nasty job of getting ads in these times. Yet for some reason it is not all so easy. As some one once put it, roses aren't the only things that smell. Let me show you what I mean.

The staff begins work about nine. Up to that time they have been sitting around the office saying, "Well, it's about time we got to work, don't you think?" To which comes the inevitable reply, "Yebbut —." This is the mystic pass word of all true artists and comedians of the type prevalent at colleges.

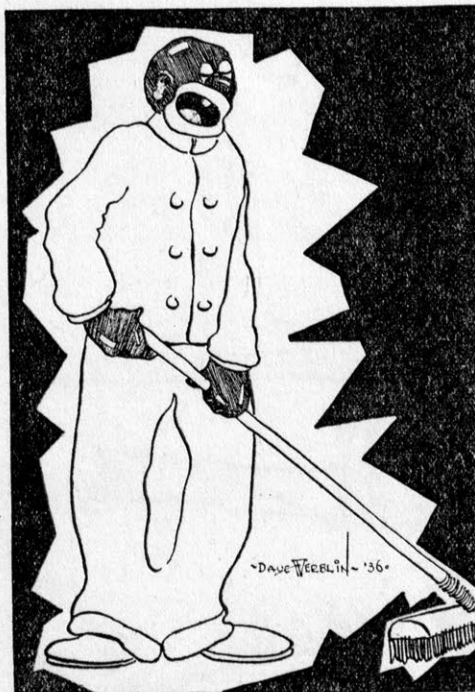
Finally a start is made. This start always is a false one, brought to an end by the discovery that there isn't enough material to fill the spaces between the ads. The latest aspirants to the staff have handed in a lot of stuff, but most of it isn't fit to print.

Aside from this material there are two three-line jokes submitted by mistake. They were not intended to be printed so soon, not having aged well enough.

Everybody, from general manager down, promptly gets paper and pencil and sits down to write something clever. One man does manage to produce a clever little item on the trouble a man has to balance his budget. It turns out that he was the treasurer, and he wasn't being clever. One man has got an idea, though not very clearly, and after wondering how to start for about five minutes, finally gives up and writes a new slam at the college

paper. This one will rollem in a aisles: "My frand, you stink." "No, that's just The Tech which I have in my pocket." Finally in desperation somebody gets the idea of calling on the literary staff. They never come around to the office, and as a consequence never hand in any material. But they can usually be counted on to supply ideas over the telephone on the last night.

Tonight the literary staff does come through, and with a bang. One man admits that he has something which he wrote several weeks ago, but never handed in. (It later turned out to be an English theme on a perfectly serious subject, but it was unanimously chosen as the funniest thing in the issue.) The sales manager, who is official go-getter, goes and gets, while the rest of the staff sits down to write up both of the other ideas.



"The Object of My Affection
Can Change My Complexion" . . .

Having material, the actual assembly begins. It starts with the front cover, which in this case is a picture of a roll of toilet tissue, (since after the last issue the faculty board demanded a clean up campaign). The fifth page is the frontispiece, which proudly announces that "we" proudly present the Clean-up issue. The ads luckily use up a lot of space. In fact there are almost enough ads to cover expenses this month. The original articles and pictures fill a few pages, especially when the usual space filling gags about the fly-in-the-soup-joke-to-end-all-fly-in-the-soup jokes, or the line on how-to-get-a-date-for-the-prom are hastily written and added. All in all, the magazine is pretty well filled by this time. In fact, fewer exchange jokes than usual will be used this month. Not more than two or three magazines full.

The process for selecting jokes at first is very simple. A joke which is good enough not to be disgusting is printed. Occasionally a man lets out a roar as he finds the joke of the year: "Baby, you've got what it takes." "Yes, and I suppose you want to take what I've got." There is a pause as somebody wipes up the mess. One of the staff members has split a gut. Finally the magazine is assembled, and completely prepared for the printer. The usual practice following this is to get drunk. This usually is an unsuccessful attempt, since all of the liquor has been consumed during the evening. But it is time to stop. The editors are yelling for me to hurry this up. It's the last thing to go into this issue.—J. H. KLABER.



See that fellow over there?
Yes, what about him?
Oh, he's a terrible guy, awful low-life; let's ostracize him.
O. K., you hold him and I'll do it.

—Widow

Managing Board of the M. I. T. Voo Doo

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General Manager

GEORGE S. TRIMBLE, Jr., '36

Managing Editor

GORDON C. THOMAS, '36

Sales Manager

H. Frank Homan, '38

Editor

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Assistant Art Editor

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Richard D. Purcell

Fred F. Tone

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Frederick W. Reuter

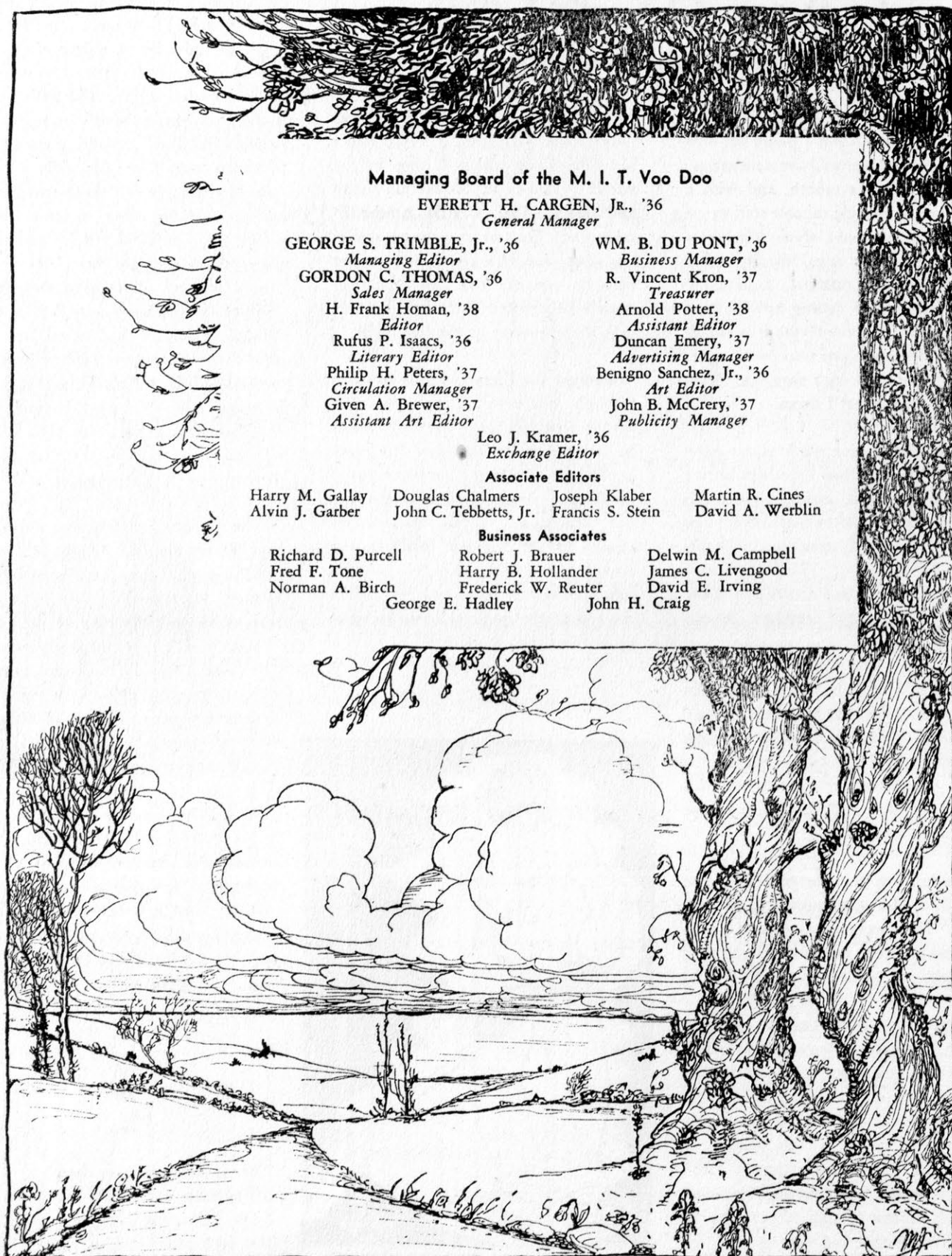
George E. Hadley

Delwin M. Campbell

James C. Livengood

David E. Irving

John H. Craig



A WORD OF EXPLANATION

Last month you witnessed the first efforts of Voo Doo's new board toward the setting of a new standard. The response accorded those efforts convinced us that we were moving in the right direction.

So with the Spotlight Number we take another step toward the building up of a magazine that will please you—a magazine that will set a new style and a new standard for college comics—a new Voo Doo.

OPEN HOUSE

The day is approaching when the Institute will again open its doors to many thousands of its friends and neighbors. It is an opportunity for us to show ourselves to the public as we would be seen. Let us hope that we all shall recognize the seriousness of our responsibility, and shall comport ourselves in keeping with the dignity of the institution for which we are acting as hosts.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

We are glad to announce that the author of last month's feature story, "The Science of Kissing," is Mr. Wesley R. Cilley, '38. We are especially regretful about the omission of Mr. Cilley's name because of the large number of enthusiastic comments aroused by his article.

AREN'T YOU SURE?

Turn the spotlight on yourself with Voo Doo's latest questionnaire—Add your percentage of right answers to your cumulative rating and multiply by one-half your telephone no. and you have your I. Q. (Intelligence Questionable).

Check one of the suggested answers:—

1. Tech is

Hell Toothbrush
Factory Institution
University Delicatessen (adv)

2. The best publication at Tech is:

Voo Doo Voo Doo Voo Doo
Voo Doo Voo Doo Voo Doo

3. The largest single group at Tech is:

Janitors Bulletin Boards
Course XV Coeds (catch on?)
Brownbaggers

4. Three of the following are not Tech Professors:

Darwin Da Vinci
Copernicus Pasteur
Archimedes Archipelago
Franklin Zilch
du Pont

5. Two of these are not Tech coeds:

Mae West Marlene Dietrich
Jean Harlow Max Baer

6. Status quo means:

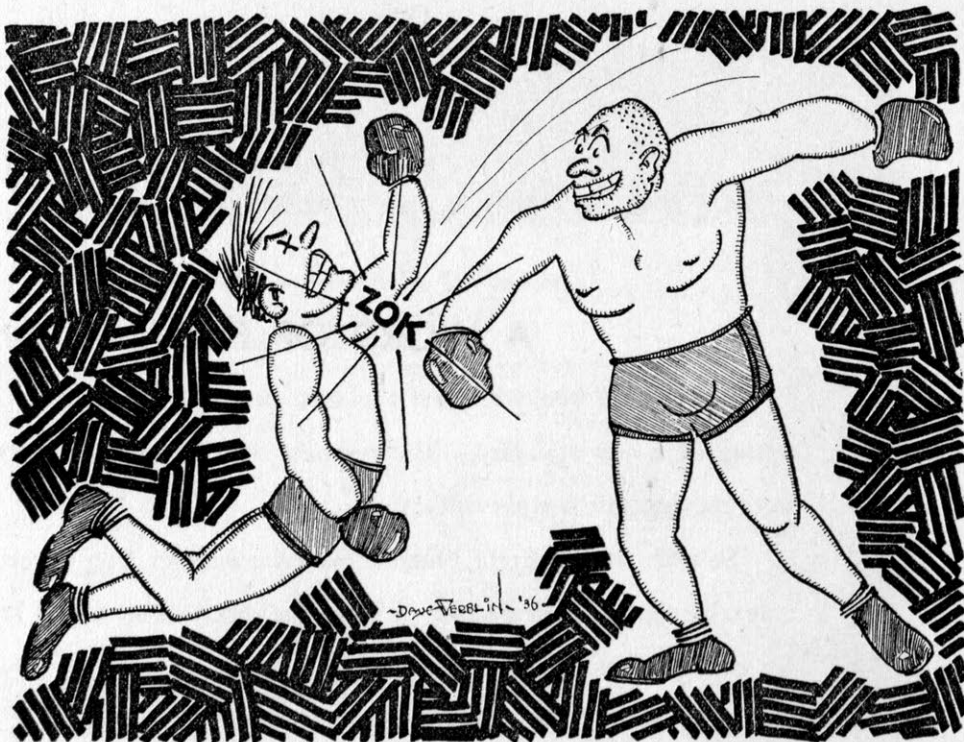
Giddap! Open House
Whoa! I dunno.
40 - all
The mess we're in.

7. The greatest riot at Tech was held in:

imagination of students 1842
1620 1932

8. One of the following is the best mathematician at Tech:

D. L. Rhind Eddie Pung
Emma Rogers N. Weiner (adv)
Cashier at Walker



Touché!



9. "Slave-Driver" is:

Term applied to Simon Legree
A myth Teacher at Tech
a good guy (adv)

Owah-tagoo-siam
Silly, isn't it?
Chumley
Zpcqlph

10. F equals . . .

m a Open house in Dorms
pa em-dee-vee-dee-tee

14. The Mayor of Boston is:

Mayor Mansfield
F. W. Mansfield
Frederick Mansfield
"Good Old" Mansfield
Jas. Curley

11. Elevator is to Bldg. #10 as cold molasses is to:

Little brown jug
Malcom Campbell

15. "The Tech" is pronounced:

Thee Teck
The Tetch
a lousy publication
official mouth organ

12. "In the red" is a term applied to:

blushing brides
bloody nose
Indian reservations
Tech Show

16. "We do it for less" is a slogan used by:

Walker Dining Halls
St. Botolph Street
Dingee Boston Police Dept.

13. The word Chauleolandrophiale-dric is correctly pronounced:

17. One of these words is misspelled:
Tech is swell.

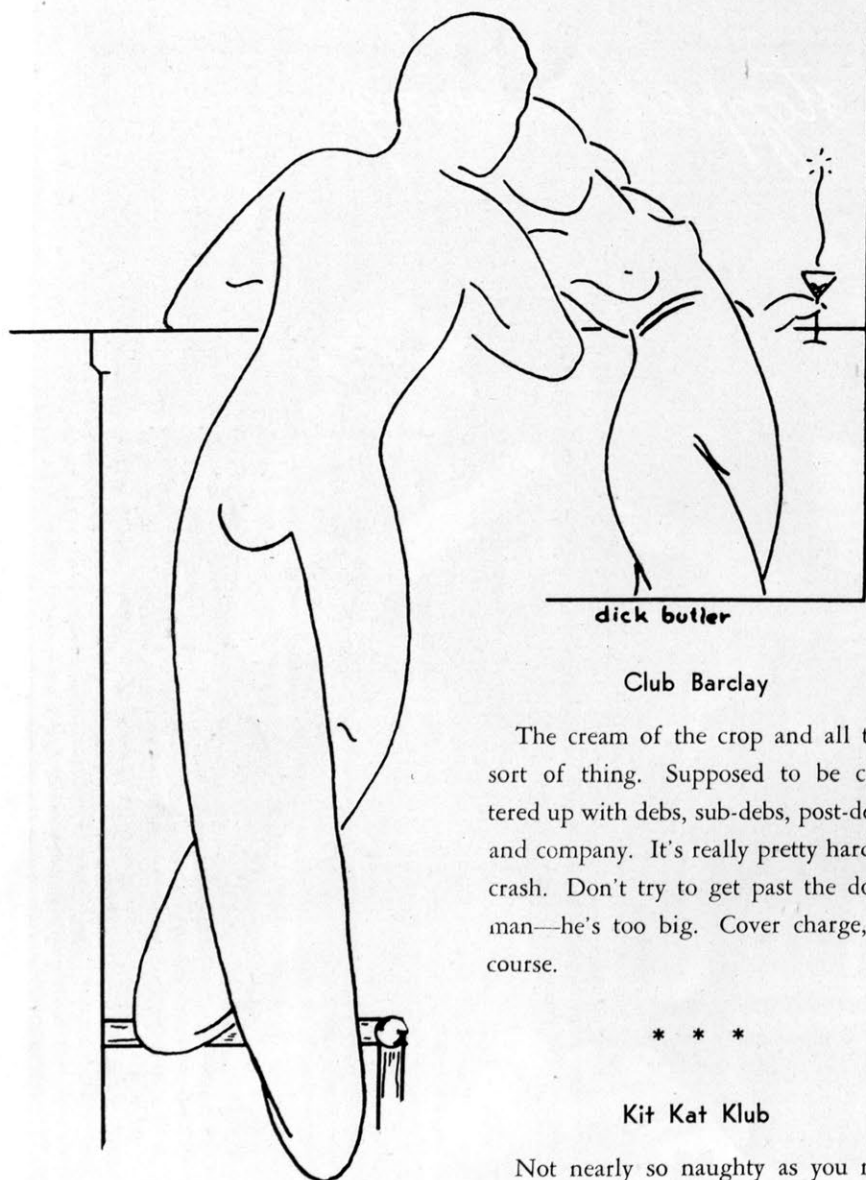
It always has stopped raining



Life begins at sixty

They Satisfy

● PHOS STEPS OUT ●



dick butler

Club Barclay

The cream of the crop and all that sort of thing. Supposed to be cluttered up with debs, sub-debs, post-debs, and company. It's really pretty hard to crash. Don't try to get past the door-man—he's too big. Cover charge, of course.

* * *

Kit Kat Klub

Not nearly so naughty as you may have been led to believe. Liquor about average. Patronized by a slightly different crowd.

* * *

Ten Friends

Fair sample of a certain type of night life. Unpretentious, but accommodating. One of the places to go if you want to make a representative survey of the clubs.

Sally and Jack's

Pseudo-Bohemianism all over the place. While you sip your ale, you can sing songs and fraternize with the owners. Very nice in its own way. The clientele is quiet and sensible.

* * *

Brown Derby

Dine, dance, and floor show—all very much O. K. The head waiter is a hard customer, so mind your manners. The place has gained in popularity during the winter. Cover charge, naturally.

* * *

Phos was pleasantly surprised by the number of favorable comments occasioned by the institution of this new feature in last month's issue. And he was also pleased that most of his friends shared his opinions.

Above is presented a continuation and supplement to last month's list. Phos plans to make this a regular feature of the magazine, and any suggestions will be gratefully received. See you next month!

There was a young fellow from Perth,
Who was born on the day of his birth.
He was married they say,
On his wife's wedding day,
And he died on his last day on earth.



JUST AS A GOLFER NEEDS *Both* HANDS

A GOOD
PIPE TOBACCO
MUST HAVE *Both*
MILDNESS
and
FLAVOR



MILDNESS in a pipe tobacco is important, to be sure. But mildness alone is not enough. A good pipe tobacco must have both MILDNESS and FLAVOR. Then it's a comforting smoke.

In Edgeworth you get the blandest blend you can pack in your pipe, because it is made from the tenderest leaves of "the mildest pipe tobacco that grows." And then you get that rich full-bodied flavor that has won thousands to Edgeworth over the last thirty years.

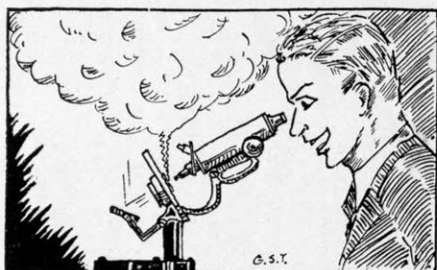
Economical, too. On account of the way Edgeworth is prepared for your pipe you will get more hours of pipe smoking than many cheaper tobaccos provide. It's not the first cost—it's what it costs to keep your pipe going that counts.

Try Edgeworth and get higher pleasure at lowest cost per hour.

Ask for Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed or Edgeworth in Slice form. 15¢ pocket package to pound humidior tin. Several sizes in vacuum packed tins. Made and guaranteed by Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.

**EDGEWORTH HAS *Both*
MILDNESS *and* FLAVOR**

THE MICROSCOPE



SPECIFIC

The dorm Lotharios are seeing Boston's hospitals. . . . **R. D. ("call me Dick") Smith** is making frequent trips to the Lying In . . . and **Bill Bode** knows the same young lady, who, by the way, has red hair. Mr. **John Goldfuss** was seen at the Massachusetts General the other night . . . escorting something that looked pretty nice. And **Norm Carlson** will no doubt be spending his easy money at the Mass. General while **Farmer Current** and **Jack Silverman** hope for better luck next time.

The boys are wondering just why **Jack Hamilton**, captain of the soccer team, is learning to dance . . . it's a case of true love versus Southern hospitality with **Fred Lincoln** . . . freshman crewman **Ernest Underwood** is meeting a sweet young thing at a Central Square church . . . her name is Dolly . . . no, we don't mean the church. We hear that **Henry Runkle** had a very good time on his last trip to Jersey . . . wonder if it was as merry as that party at Montana's?

Jim Carr is becoming an expert at picking horses to come in last . . . **Herb Matchett** was on the receiving end of an ingenious arrangement involving a light switch and two firecrackers . . . and on that same evening some gentleman with a lamentable lack of respect for authority stacked the room of dorm chairman **Johnny Mooring** . . . and we hear that Sophomore **Edgar Smith** still holds a grievance against his freshmen abductors of last fall.

Joe Vallone is being razed for his militarist

statement to the Techie . . . freshmen playboys **Ray Epstein** and **Irv Freydburg** have made important connections at some of Boston's better night clubs . . . there's a girl named **Jean** at the Ten Friends. Freshman track star **Welcome Bender** is playing tennis with the daughter of coach **Oscar Hedlund** . . . and wondering about subbing tennis for track.

AND VAGUE

Prosperity is attending the freshman who is selling ready-made chem lab preps . . . a dorm scientist will have to explain away the effects of concentrated NaOH on his room-mate's bedroom slippers . . . and for the benefit of two other research workers, let us remind them that the commercially prepared sex hormones are damned expensive.

A couple of Delts discovered, to their sorrow, the price of Hotel Statler ice cubes . . . a Sophomore English class still wonders if their instructor was

(Continued on next page)

"AT THE CROSS-ROADS OF THE WORLD"

Consistent centrality. The only hotel with its entrance on Times Square. Engineers, oil barons, movie stars, New Deal-ers—everyone from everywhere stops at the Astor. They stop to meet, eat, talk, dance and sleep.

HOTEL ASTOR

Entrance TIMES SQUARE

THAT'S NEW YORK!

Fred A. Muschenheim

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,

CLOTHING,

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Men who have never purchased shoes from Brooks Brothers will find this department of our business unusual for several reasons. We are the only agents in America for Peal's ready-made shoes. Our other English shoes are hand-lasted on our own lasts, and are always carried in stock in 24 different models, designed for every occasion of wear. Our domestic shoes, also carefully made to our special order, give the department a great range in price. Brooks Brothers' shoes, from Pumps to Polo Boots, are characterized by a certain distinguished appearance because we are careful of details, quality of leather, and style, all of which result in wearing quality seldom duplicated.

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BRANCHES

NEW YORK: ONE WALL STREET
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quite sober on one fateful occasion . . . the portly freshman co-ed has vowed undying affection to her Bronx chemist . . . a Beacon Street Junior went to the cleaners in royal style at one of Back Bay's most exclusive gambling houses.

Uninitiates hear rumors of dorm poker parties with a century note in the pot . . . a Brookline senior got into an embarrassing mix-up at Peter Bent . . . the Bay State Road Beau Brummel was very annoyed when an inebriated brother began to ask his super-refined Wellesly date if she knew how the bull lost his tail . . . and was even more surprised when she nonchalantly gave the answer.

A certain Simmons blonde will be glad to know that she is being royally chiselled . . . by an Emerson Zeta, of all people. And a visitor from Smith learned what four gin rickeys plus one Buick roadster adds up to. There's an aspiring freshman track man who jeopardizes his chances by frequent trips to Watertown . . . and a wrestler who is having a severe case of heart throbs over a girl from back home.

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Knowing that Tech Students are careful buyers, he has taken pains to lead them in the direction of maximum value at moderate price.

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78 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE, CAMBRIDGE

1080 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON

They were dancing lightly and he held her tightly in his manly arms. He closed his eyes for a time and danced here and there in ecstasy. She looked up into his face and suddenly his eyes opened. The music stopped.

"Come, let's go out on the porch," he muttered thickly. He stole a glance at his partner. Never had he seen so ravishing a beauty. He took her in his arms.

"Oh, darling, I love you. Say you will be mine." She looked again into his eyes.

"I'm not rich like John Brown, and I haven't a car, or a home, but I do love you and want you terribly."

Two soft, snow-white arms reached around his neck, and two ruby lips whispered in his ear: "Where is this man Brown?"

—*Tiger*



And then there was the freshman who thought that a CCC man was a Spanish movie director's assistant.

—*Wampus*

OVER THE CRITIC'S SHOULDER

Rats, Lice, and History

—*Dr. Hans Zinsser.*

More amusing than sinister. The good doctor can make you laugh at some pretty deadly facts, but goes a bit too far when he tries to trace all history to individual cases of indigestion.

Pylon.

—*William Faulkner*

The critics called it sordid, neurotic, and second-rate Jocean, but we liked it even though it left us bewildered most of the time.

Man on the Barge.

—*Max Miller.*

Mr. Miller just can't get off the waterfront. This is a barnacle-bitten hodge-podge written in the traditional Miller prose, which is ideally suited for fourth-grade reading classes.

Of Time and the River

—*Thomas Wolfe.*

Beautiful English, but confused and uncertain narrative. An "Important book," and a dull one.

Farewell to Fifth Avenue

—*Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.*

Entertaining, incredible, mildly cynical gossip of the super-social-register. In spite of ourselves we have to agree with the critics that young Mr. Vanderbilt would have done better to stick to the roto-gravures.

(Continued on next page)

Frank P. Shaw

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Francis the First*—Francis Hackett*

Fully as good as "Henry the VIII" in spite of the lesser fame of the subject. Mr. Hackett's growing popularity is well-earned.

Magnificent Hadrian*—Sulamith Ish-Kishor*

The author tries to disprove all the nasty things which people have been saying about her hero for almost two thousand years. She uses fixations and complexes to explain the emperor's strange attachment for a handsome young lad named Antinous. But in spite of it all, it's slow reading.

Death in the Air.*—Agatha Christie*

You won't like the conclusion—the author doesn't play fair. Otherwise it's typical Christie stuff in an airplane over the English Channel.



Drunk finds the keyhole and stamps into the house, where he stumbles around looking for the lights. Wife pipes up—"Is that you, Henry?" No answer. A big crash of glass.

"Henry! What in the world are you doing?"

"Teaching your goldfish not to bark at me."

—Log
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Silk : \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00

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TECHNOLOGY BRANCH

Harvard Cooperative Society

DIVIDEND TOO

It was Christmas morning. The family were all gathered at the breakfast table, and with them the mother's beautiful friend, who was visiting the family during the holidays. Every one was in a high state of excitement, talking about his presents.

"And what did Santa Claus give you?" father asked the beautiful friend, with a sly smile.

"Nothing, I hope," she answered.

—Tiger

A couple of boys out in Ioway were discussing the recent drought. One fellow had some wheat which he had managed to harvest.

"The drought sure has made the wheat short this year."

"Short? Say, I had to lather mine to mow it!"

—Chaparral

He called his hat "Mae West," for it couldn't be felt for one ninety-eight.

—Rammer Jammer

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There's a new love of Tobacco—"in the bowl"—because there's a great pipe in the world. It's KAYWOODIE.

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And what do Smokers think of it? Since its introduction, more men have bought KAYWOODIE than any other pipe. Not because it's cheap. It isn't. Not because it's expensive. It isn't. But because it's great, and nothing else is like it.

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Empire State Building, New York, N. Y.



HUMMIN' TO MYSELF

In spite of the howls of the mob we still deplore the tremendous flurry that is being made over Sigmund Romberg's *When I Grow Too Old To Dream*. It's just a nice, unpretentious little melody which has been seized upon by a notoriously nit-wit public and made into a smash hit. But every time we hear a bartender or a street-walker getting sentimental over those sugary lyrics, we feel like kicking shins.

The tunes from "Anything Goes" are still going strong, and Mr. Porter must feel quite satisfied with himself. Preference is shifting from the overworked, over-parodied *You're the Top* to the even trickier *I Get a Kick out of You*. And *All Through the Night* is one of those tunes to which one turns down the lights, grabs something in an evening gown, and slinks. It's perfect for fraternity dances.

While we're on the Cole Porter theme, we can't overlook the boom for *Miss Otis Regrets*. The poor lady has been missing luncheon engagements for quite some time now, and it is about time that the general public became aware of her charms.

March Winds and April Showers is regulation stuff—it will remind you of *Hot Dogs and Sarsaparilla* and others of the same vintage. In the Columbia recording, Ruth Etting sings very agreeably and obliges with one of her tricky changes of pace.

I Was Lucky is a good number in spite of the mass of Chevalier imitators it has spawned. One can't even listen to an amateur program without hearing lower lips protruding.

Eddie Duchin is taking the lead in reviving *Stormy Weather*—another example of a good song that was burnt out too fast. Glen Gray has a marvelous arrangement of *Limehouse Blues*. The Dorsey Brothers

(Continued on next page)

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BOSTON, MASS.

are improving steadily, and helping build Decca's reputation. Fats Waller is gaining in popularity with some people, but not with us.

Tit-bits: *Solitude* is being massacred continually—not one band in ten can do it justice . . . *My Heart is an Open Book* isn't quite up to the Gordon & Revel standard . . . people are wondering what has happened to Irving Berlin . . . *The Hunkadolla* is another Continental . . . all the shopgirls are singing the *Lullaby of Broadway* . . . *Soon* is Crosby's best bet from "Mississippi" . . . and, in conclusion, if you ever hear any argument as to whether *Serenade for a Wealthy Widow* was, or was not cribbed from the Mechanization Ballet of the 1934 Tech Show, we have it on good authority that both were inspired by a well-known symphony by a composer whose name we have unfortunately forgotten.



PROGRESS

Age 2 - 7 Played with dolls.

Age 7 - 17 Sneered at dolls.

Age 17 - Inf. Played with dolls.



A man came into a store with a very small dog under his arm. An Irishman was standing near and after a few minutes of close observation he asked the stranger what breed his dog was. The man replied that he was a cross between an ape and an Irishman.

"Faith, then," replied the Honorable Patrick, "he's kin to both of us."

—Medley

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CARDINAL RICHELIEU

starring

GEORGE ARLISS

with

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN—CAESAR ROMERO

Week starting Friday, April 26th

LOEW'S STATE

"Where's Joe?"

"He's over eating at Walker."

"Don't be silly. Who ever heard of anybody over-eating at Walker."



"So we named the baby Weather Strip because he kept father out of the draft during the war."

—Froth



"Jim is goina Europe."

"Shasho! Wha'sa dope?"

"He'sh shailin' ona shixsha Deshember."

"Sha damfine boat. Wen' over on 'er las shum-mer!"

—Lampoon

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Irate Father (to slightly inebriated daughter entering at 3 a.m.): What does the clock say?

Daughter: Tick-tock, and the dogs say bow-wow
and the cats meow. —*Boston Beanpot*



Mark Anthony: "I want to see Cleopatra.

Servant: She's in bed with laryngitis.

Mark Anthony: Damn these Greeks. —*Carolinian*



"Here, young fellow," cried the irate father, "I'll
teach you how to act with my daughter."

"You needn't bother, sir; she's already shown me."

—*Rammer Jammer*

THREE WAYS TO END A DINNER CONVERSATION

1. Ask the lady on your right if she's married.
Should she say, "Yes," ask her if she has any children. If she says, "No," ask her how she does it.

2. Ask the lady on your left if she is married. If she says, "No," ask her if she has any children.

3. Ask the lady across from you if she has any children. If she says, "Yes," ask her if she is married.

—*Punch Bowl*



"I wear this gown only to teas," said the debutante.
"When?"

"Not when. Whom."

—*Gargoyle*

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